

IS STUDENT GOVERNMENT A JOKE?

Council Members Suggest Resignation From Office

Drastic Measures Are Necessary if Student Self-Government Shall Remain in the University of Alberta—Duties of Schedule Man Also Discussed at Monday's Meeting

Ominous rumblings of dissatisfaction made themselves heard when the Students' Council assembled on Monday night.

At first, however, all went well. After the minutes were read and adopted pipes were lighted, and in an atmosphere blue with smoke, the Council, with an utter lack of a sense of humor, expressed itself strongly against smoking in the halls. It was advocated that culprits be fined in the Students' Court to the extent of one dollar (\$1.00), and the coffers of the Union thereby filled with lucre.

Following this business-like suggestion, Tom Askin, Director of the Year Book, presented the estimates for the Year Book, and after the usual quota of inane queries, the estimates were duly accepted.

When the question of the Schedule Man was introduced the fireworks began, and in this and other connections the Provost came in for considerable criticism from several members of the Council.

After the luckless Schedule Man had been subjected to considerable censure, the sentiments of the executive were more or less adequately expressed in the motion: "That the Schedule Man be instructed in his duties and be advised to see Dr. MacEachran regularly in connection with the dates of functions." Then the Bursar's office came in for its share of criticism owing to its alleged slowness in handling funds. As a result, it was moved: "That a committee be sent up to get action"—as it was pithily stated.

The concluding item on the agenda was the very fundamental question of attendance (or rather lack of it) at Students' Union meetings. As President Oke explained, things have come to such a pass that it is almost impossible to get a quorum at

these meetings, so slight is the interest of the student body as a whole. The suggestion was made that Students' Union meetings be held in lecture halls; but, as was pointed out, the authorities had granted this privilege some years ago, and, shameful to report, the naughty students had made a holiday of it.

Such was the exasperation of the members of the Council that certain of their number favoured resignation as a protest. Mr. S. G. MacDonald bitterly remarked that without the support of the student body "the officers were but empty shells." President Wes Oke, with almost a tear in his eye, expressed his policy by stating: "We have been trying, we must keep on trying." It seems the minister is there, but there is no congregation.

The result of a long discussion on this "preaching to empty chairs" was a motion to the effect that the President should try to get from the authorities one 11:30 a.m. meeting as soon as possible. In this way it is hoped that a quorum may be obtained and the constitution completely changed so that the Council may function without being directly dependent on the student body.

The matter, however, of a change of constitution was left over until another meeting of the Council, and adjournment took place.

To repeat the first line, "ominous rumblings of dissatisfaction were to be heard." These, however, did not materialize to any extent—unfortunately, from the point of view of entertainment, for without a little excitement these meetings are dreadful affairs.

Should the Students' Council resign, the student body of Alberta would be definitely up a tree. With this body extinct—who would authorize expenditures for literary functions? Who would finance sports? In short, who would see that students are afforded the opportunity to do any other thing but study and attend lectures? Things would surely be dead! And the beautiful words "Requiescat in Pace" could be written over the grave of students' pleasures!

FRESHMAN ELECTIONS

Elections for the following positions—President, Vice-president, Secretary-treasurer and 3 members of the executive for Class '31 will be held Friday, January 20, at 4:30.

Nomination day is set for Monday, January 16, and nomination papers signed by a mover and seconder and ten members of the Freshman Class must be in the hands of the Secretary of the Union in the Student Accountant's Office before 12 o'clock that day.

The Gateway will print write-ups of the candidates in the next issue. Supporters of candidates are responsible for these write-ups which must be handed in to The Gateway office before Monday 4:30. Presidential nominees are allowed 150 words each, other candidates 75 words each.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

NOTE.—The Gateway purposes to conduct a new feature which will appear regularly. Each week a question on some interesting or pseudo-interesting question will be chosen, and short remarks on the question by nine or ten students will be published, with the names of the students. These commentators will be chosen absolutely at random.

The inaugural question appearing below—"Do you believe in companionate marriage?"—is one that has been agitating intellectual and other circles for some recent time, and the answers—by the first few intelligent looking people that our reporter came across—are published with it.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE?

Bob Hill, Com. '29: No; the institution of marriage has been evolved from experience, and though companionate marriage may be an extension of experience, it seems to be too great a step. It presupposes a more advanced plane of intelligence than really exists, neglects the weaknesses of human nature, and may prove a boomerang reverting back on the head of society.

Wilbur Bowker, Arts and Law '29: It does away with one sweep all our moral traditions and ideals in regard to the institution of marriage.

Effie Slonaker, Arts '28: Good if it would work, but look at the mass of the masses!

Leyda Sestrap, '29: Anything the modern generation wants it ought to have, for the sooner it gets it the sooner it will destroy itself and give decent people peace to live.

Wes Oke, M.A.: Yes; this "mated for life" idea is a fragment of an outworn moral code, and there is no reason why we shouldn't experiment to find a compatible mate.

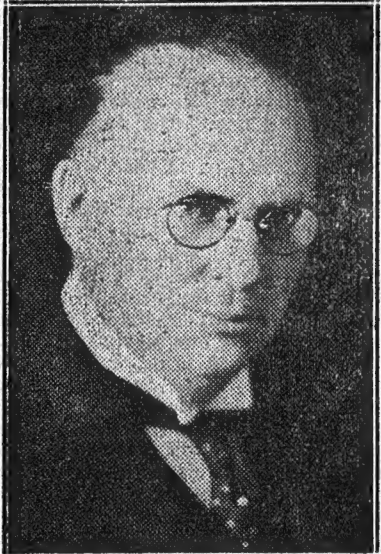
Grace Dunlap, Arts '29: These days every marriage is a trial marriage. Elizabeth Baardseth, Arts '29: Fifteen years from now it will be the accepted thing.

Ned Ambrose, Science '31: Yes; the present day marriage system is breaking down. With marital incontinence—open or secret—evident on every hand in all classes of society, companionate marriage is the inevitable development to right-thinking minds to meet the situation.

Helen Saunders, House Ec. '29: I've seen some men that I'd rather try a companionate marriage with than any other kind.

Ted Donald, Pharmacy '29: No; it cannot solve its avowed end of determining compatibility. Lots of marriages are successful for longer periods than that of companionate marriage, and yet eventually break up after that.

ADDRESSED LAW CLUB



HON. R. B. BENNETT, K.C.
Leader of the Dominion Conservative Party, who was the principal speaker at the Law Club banquet.

LAW CLUB HEARS HON. R. B. BENNETT

Distinguished Jurists Address Students at Successful Banquet in Macdonald Hotel

The Honourable R. B. Bennett, K.C., was the speaker of the evening at the annual Law Club banquet held on Friday evening in the Palm Room of the Macdonald Hotel. The reception he received was tremendous. On his introduction by Mr. Ronald Martland, toastmaster, the room was filled with loud cheers and strains of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mr. Bennett's address was particularly adapted to his audience. He spoke with his usual candour, and one couldn't help but admire the ease with which he cited the names of great men, literary writers past and present, and instances from history in support of his contentions.

His opening words were an expression of pleasure at being with the law undergraduates. He felt that this would be the last time he would publicly appear as a member of the legal profession. Under these circumstances, he continued, "I would like to make a few observations that may be of some service to you. If they prove of any service I will be amply rewarded for being here tonight." He then enumerated three factors that would be conducive to success in the practice of law.

The first precept was that every man must have a passion for law to successfully practice it. Unless the call was strong enough, he advised, the law student should turn to other means of livelihood.

(Continued on Page Six)

MR. J. F. DAY MADE LONG TRIP SOUTH

Economics Lecturer Visited Birmingham, Alabama, During the Christmas Vacation

Mr. J. Friend Day, of the Department of Political Economy, returned at the end of last week from what was perhaps the longest journey ever undertaken by any university man during any Christmas vacation.

Mr. Day left at noon on Wednesday, December 21st, for faraway Birmingham, Alabama, to attend the Supreme Chapter meeting of the Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity. He spent Christmas Day in Chicago, leaving the following day for the south. From 6 a.m. on Tuesday, December 27th, until 11:30 p.m. the following Friday he was busy with committee work and reports of matters connected with the fraternity. He made hurried connections to get back to Alberta to resume his lectures.

While in the south, Mr. Day visited the Emory University at Atlanta, Georgia, where he had been assistant professor in the Department of Business Administration in 1924-25. He met many old friends from all parts of the United States, and saw a few of his old students now in business, and others attending to graduate studies.

Emory University was founded at Atlanta in 1827 to give higher education to the southern whites and to obviate the necessity of sending their sons to the northern colleges of Harvard and Yale. Emory is not co-educational. It has a first-class medical school founded under the Rockefeller Foundation. In actual organization of departments and number of students it greatly resembles the University of Alberta.

Mr. Day had the opportunity of correcting a common misconception held in that southern clime regarding northwestern Canada. At a banquet, a speaker preceding Mr. Day spoke of the Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity "extending from the frozen and barren wastes of Canada down to the sun-kissed shores of the Gulf of Mexico." This afforded Mr. Day the opportunity of spreading the gospel of Alberta sitting on top of the world, especially in regard to agricultural production.

An Editorial

Do the President of the Union, the Chief Justice of the Students' Court, and the Editor of The Gateway take their orders from Dr. Tory? Is the Students' Council a body of assistants to the Provost? Will the Students' Union ever be worth two whoops in hades to anybody? These and kindred questions are bothering those students who are interested in the problem of student government—and they can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Seriously, however, we must face the fact that our system of student government has come to almost a full stop. Since the budget meeting of the Union last October, the Council has failed utterly and miserably in its efforts to corral a quorum of students to discuss and legislate on Union business. Interest in student organizations is at an irreducible minimum—no one cares what happens to anything. It is the honest belief of many student officials that even the resignation of the entire Students' Council, and the complete cessation of activity in all student organizations, both athletic and literary, would not cause more than a ripple in the serene calm of student life at the U. of A. It would be interesting to find out.

To try to get to the real cause of this lethargic condition is more or less a hopeless pastime. Many students assert that such beliefs as are suggested at the beginning of this editorial are responsible. Others say that our system of student organizations has outgrown its usefulness and should be completely altered. Still others maintain that the failure of student government at the U. of A. is just another proof of the immaturity and irresponsibility of young college students. Perhaps one of these is the true answer, and then again perhaps the real cause is still undiscovered.

At its last meeting, the Students' Council waxed wroth on the matter. Talk of resignation flew around freely, but the majority felt that the Council would be failing in its duties if it did not try to carry on. Finally the Council decided to make one more attempt. The authorities are being asked to grant a free hour in the morning for a Students' Union meeting, and there (if there is a quorum) the crisis in student affairs will be thoroughly discussed. It is the duty of every member of the Students' Union to be present.

Intervarsity Debaters Chosen First Debates Here Jan. 20th

Parliamentary Debates Have Pepped Up Interest and Method of Debate—Hill and Fisher Against Manitoba, Hopkins and Fisher Against Saskatoon

The Debating Society has announced that the following teams have been selected for the intervarsity series:

Charles B. Fisher and Jack Hopkins will debate at Saskatoon, and Bob Hill and Sidney Fisher will debate here against Manitoba, on the resolution, "That commercial imperialism is a perpetual menace to international peace."

At Edmonton the Alberta team will take the affirmative, at Saskatoon the negative. Debates will take place on Friday, the 20th of January. In view of the new spirit in debating here, of which the parliamentary debates are a promising sign, it is confidently felt that these debates will show that even on a "formal" occasion, debating is a great deal more than a presentation of statistics. As last year, intensive professional coaching, memorized speeches and other abominations are taboo.

The selection of a team to oppose the Maritime team which will debate here on February 17, has not yet been completed.

The first Parliamentary debate of the term will take place tonight (Thursday) in the Common Room at 8:00 o'clock sharp, on the resolution, "That this House pities its grand-children." While the objection of one versatile member, that he had no

grand-children—and his present prospects of ever having any were of the gloomiest—is a serious one, it is felt that an unparalleled opportunity for either the most profound philosophy or the arriest persiflage, and everything between, is at hand. For those who are not familiar with the system of debating which has proved such an unqualified success this year, an explanation may be welcome. The debates are conducted after a very loose parliamentary form, the aim being to reproduce so far as possible the atmosphere of the House of Commons without any attempt at a mock parliament. There are two speakers "on the paper," one on each side of the House. The meeting is then open, the Speaker so far as possible recognizing alternately opposite sides of the House. At the conclusion, a division is taken. Previous debates have been great successes, with a large and enthusiastic attendance; and with wit and learning, heated denunciations and indignant denials being hurled across the floor of the House to the huge enjoyment of the usual cold formality and lack of interest, the audience has been unfailingly, and vociferously interested, and the frequent applause has been by no means unmixed with booing and heckling. It is rumored that a bloc in the House will spring a surprise tonight and demand the discussion of a question not on the order-paper.

PRESENTATION TO DR. TORY BY C.O.T.C.

Presentation Made on Occasion of President's 20th Year at Alberta

On Sunday afternoon, New Year's Day, President and Mrs. Tory were the recipients at their home of a handsome gift from the officers and cadets of the local contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps. The gift was in the form of a splendid silver tray on which were inscribed the following words: "Presented to Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Tory by the Officers and Cadets of the University of Alberta Contingent, C.O.T.C., on the occasion of Dr. Tory's 20th Anniversary as First President of the University of Alberta. New Year's Day, 1928." In addition Mrs. Tory received a beautiful basket of flowers. The presentation was made by Lieut.-Col. F. A. Stewart Dunn, commanding officer of the contingent.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Tory were very pleased indeed with the gifts, which came as a complete surprise to both of them. The party who called to make the presentation on behalf of the C.O.T.C. included Col. Dunn, Major Cameron, Capt. Ramsay, Lieut. Riddehough and Lieut. Macdonald.

CAPT. C. S. PINGLE 'PASSES SUDDENLY'

Former Speaker of Legislature Was Father of Popular Varsity Student

Members of The Gateway staff and students of the University desire to express their deep sympathy for one of their number, Warren Pingle, in his bereavement over the sudden demise of his father, Captain C. S. Pingle, M.L.A.

Captain Pingle died suddenly at his residence in Medicine Hat at 7:20 Tuesday evening, following a stroke earlier in the day.

A native westerner, having been born at Morris, Manitoba, in 1880, and educated in Winnipeg, Mr. Pingle was an old-timer in Medicine Hat, being president of the Board of Trade there from 1908 to 1910, and an alderman from 1910 to 1912.

Entering politics as a Liberal, Mr. Pingle was elected as member for Redcliff in 1913 and again in 1917. His occupancy of the Speaker's Chair during the premiership of Hon. Chas. Stewart was a recognition of his sterling qualities and his unfailing fairness

EARL WAYNE WOOD DIES IN CALGARY

Popular Senior Arts Student Passed Away Suddenly Following Operation

To students at the University of Alberta the news comes as a great shock of the death of Earl Wayne Wood, member of the Senior Arts Class. Taken ill on Tuesday, December 27th, while visiting his parents in Calgary during the Christmas holidays, he underwent an operation for appendicitis on Thursday evening and died the following day.

Earl Wood was the son of City Comptroller William C. Wood and Mrs. Victoria Wood, 520 Fifteenth Avenue West, Calgary.

He was in his twenty-third year, and his untimely end proved a shock to friends in Calgary, Edmonton and throughout the province.

At the University, where he had many friends, he was known as a brilliant scholar, and was prominent in musical circles, being a member of the university orchestra and of the university choir.

Having attended the Calgary Normal School, Earl Wood had decided to make teaching his profession, and had shaped all his university courses to that end.

Besides his parents he is survived by his sister, Miss Ruby Y. Wood, and his brother, Terence D. Wood, both living at the home in Calgary.

UNDERGRAD DANCE POSTPONED TO FEB.

Reasons Set Forth For Postponement—Earlier Date Clashing With Alumni

The Undergrad Dance will not be held on January 27 and for this there is a very good reason; another affair is scheduled for the same date. The history of this difficulty goes back nearly two months. In November, 1927, the Commerce Club offered to put on the Undergrad Dance, and the offer was accepted by the Students' Council.

A committee was appointed, and in the last week of November application was made to the Schedule Man for the night of Friday, January 27, 1928. This application was granted, and arrangements for the affair were proceeded with, these arrangements including the reserving of the Macdonald Hotel Orchestra for the night in question. All seemed well. But during the Christmas vacation, quite by accident, a very startling discovery was made. The Alumni Association had reserved the night of January 27 for an affair of its own. Complications were immediately suspected, and Dr. MacEachran was interviewed by representatives of the Commerce Club with a view to clearing up the matter. Dr. MacEachran stated that the Alumni had reserved the night of January 27, and said that, since he knew nothing of the Commerce Club's application, he had granted the Alumni the night in question, and thus they had obtained priority. Nothing remained to do but cancel the date fixed for the Undergrad Dance and move it ahead a week to the third of February, an arrangement which created difficulties from the start. The orchestra which it was desired to hire was booked up for that date, and difficulties have been encountered in securing another. This change of date also brings the dance into the week of the Junior Tests with attendant difficulties.

Interviewed in regard to the matter by The Gateway, Dr. MacEachran drew attention to Section 8 of the "Schedule Act" which states: "Applications for permission to hold Dances, Banquets, Major Athletic Events, and meetings in Convocation Hall shall be first presented to the Schedule Man, who shall ratify them and forward them to the Provost." Dr. MacEachran pointed out that under this Act he should have received notice of the fact that the Commerce Club had wished to reserve the specified date, but as he had received no such notice he naturally concluded that the night of January 27 was not reserved for any special function, and allotted the date to the Alumni without further consideration.

Mr. Hoover, the Schedule Man, when interviewed, stated that he had been led to understand that his duty consisted in posting a notice of coming events two weeks ahead. This would have been done in due course in regard to the Undergrad Dance.

Mr. Whidden, President of the Commerce Club, in his interview, had nothing more to say on the matter than to give a resume of the events leading up to the trouble and to state that he thought it advisable that one man should be given the power to grant dates for major functions without these dates having to be ratified by a second person.

ness when dealing with political questions.

Out of politics for a time, Mr. Pingle was once more elected in 1925, for Medicine Hat, and re-elected in 1926. He will be greatly missed by many Edmontonians, both in the Legislature and in private life.



THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the
Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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CRITICISM

We have several times invited criticism of The Gateway, have received some responses, and hope to receive more. By this means we should be better able to gauge student opinion, and eventually to make this paper truly representative of the student body. A recent criticism assures us that at present it is truly misrepresentative, which is a most distressing reflection on the staff. In particular, we were profoundly grieved, though not greatly astonished, at our critic's assertion that the editorial column was "cheap and nasty." Probably there is a good deal of truth in the statement, but we may at least plead that The Gateway has never published anything so nasty as may be found in Chaucer, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Dryden, Congreve, Wycherley, Fielding, Smollett, Swift, or Byron. It is also quite possible that The Gateway lacks some of the positive virtues of the above-named gentlemen, but we know if no present remedy for that defect except a new and more expensive editorial staff. The present one admits that it is cheap.

None the less it is recognized that Dr. Gordon has told us bluntly and honestly what he thinks, and it may be regarded as a good sign that not all of the old guard are willing to yield the right of way to what they consider objectionable tendencies in college journalism of today, or to believe that the students are fairly represented by their papers. A recent article by an American professor was less optimistic. The writer thereof concluded that there was little hope of checking these deplorable tendencies, and that "1895 of blessed memory" would never come again. We cannot say which view is correct, as they are both the views of professors, and therefore the presumption is that they are both right. But that of our own critic displays more faith and hope, and if it is less charitable to The Gateway, it is more so towards students in general. We trust that this confidence is justified.

In any case, candid criticism is entirely welcome, whether from professors or students. Foul rubbish is fair game, and if the students believe that the moral and intellectual tone of their official organ is too low, something should be done in the way of elevation. There is always a danger, though, of elevating to such a height that only a few lofty-minded individuals will be interested. It may as well be stated here that we receive a good deal of comment from persons with less rigid ideas of journalistic propriety, and their complaints are of a different character. As they are nearly always oral, perhaps they should not receive any consideration. Yet they do represent the opinions of students, and, we believe, of a very considerable number of students.

Criticism has its uses. Matthew Arnold tells us so, and he, at any rate, is a perfectly respectable person to cite. So with this much of authority behind it, The Gateway favors freedom for all to criticize, and not least of all for itself.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE LEGISLATURE

In accordance with the sentiments expressed above we feel that it may not be out of place for the official organ of the student-body to express its opinion on the relations between the provincial legislature and the University.

The University of Alberta is a government institution, and depends for a great part of its financial support on the legislature. The government has reduced the subsidy of the University very materially during the past seven years. We are not questioning their motives in doing so. Without doubt the government is apportioning its available funds in the way which they believe to be best and fairest. But the fact remains that the grant to the University has been reduced till now it can be considered an irreducible minimum. The University has sufficient money to pay (or perhaps underpay) the staff and to keep the furnace going in the winter and the grass cut in summer. Of money for expansion there is none, or next to it.

The institution has made marvellous progress in the twenty years of its life, but will anyone say that it should now mark time for a decade or so? Most emphatically NO! There are several fields of education which the University has not attempted or has attempted in a very small way, fields whose development is warranted by the size of the student body. Money is required if they are to be developed, and that money is not forthcoming from the provincial government, nor is it likely to be. If an example of these useful fields of higher education is asked for, Commerce is one answer. At present it struggles along as an under-staffed sub-faculty of the Faculty of Arts, which it should not be.

We might also mention the need for extra-curricular buildings. The students have built a covered rink, and it looks very much as if they will have to follow this precedent if they feel the need of other such conveniences. We need a Students' Building. Who is to pay for it?

In that last question is summed up the whole difficulty. The government will not—then who will? If Alberta was strewn with millionaires, a solution would be possible, though not easy—not easy because wealthy men are less willing to endow a government



Happy New Year to all. Look before you leap.

Single maids hope to go ahead by leaps and bounds, matrimonially speaking.

This ought to be an easy New Year for pedestrians' resolutions—just keep on leaping.

Edmonton Journal announces that the LOW students held a banquet on Friday, but this is strenuously disclaimed by the Meds.

It takes me . . . say an hour . . . more or less . . . to write this column . . . It takes you . . . say a minute . . . or a minute and a half . . . to read it . . . Now . . . to take anything in this column seriously . . . is foolish . . . I don't when I write it . . . I dash off . . . or struggle through . . . as the case may be . . . a few lines . . .

We submit the following play by Chekhov—

The Good Mr. Smith
In One Act

CAST: Mister Smith, of the Smith Brothers, Cough Drop Magnates. (The one with the longest whiskers.)
The Stranger—A tall emaciated looking chap.
At rise the stranger is seen standing center stage suffering from a severe cold.

Enter Mr. Smith: "Good evening, sir."
Stranger (coughing): Good evening."
Mr. Smith: "I see you have a bad cold."
Stranger (coughing): "Yes, I have."

Mr. Smith: "I am Mr. Smith, of Smith Bros., dealers in cough drops and soothing syrups. Our motto is 'A Cough Drop in Every Home'."

Stranger: "I'm glad to meet you sir. (Cough.) Do you think your cough drops would help my cold?"
Mr. Smith: "They would cure it, sir, absolutely cure it. You see, sir, I have a slight cold myself."

At this point in the play Mr. Smith commences to cough. His coughing lasts for about five minutes when he puts a cough drop into his mouth and the coughing dies out immediately.

Mr. Smith: "There you are, sir, you see the magic power of the little cough drop."

Stranger: "I will take ten packages."
A business transaction then occurs and the stranger exits.

Mr. Smith stands watching the stranger disappear in the distance. He is suddenly overcome with a severe attack of coughing. He puts a cough drop into his mouth, but the cough drop fails to effect his terrible cold and he continues to cough.

Mr. Smith (coughing): "I surely have a terrible cold. (Cough.) Oh, well, I have some consolation. (Cough.) I have, this day, done someone good."

Mr. Hobbs: "It is mushy without."

Don Bee: "Without what?"

Mr. Hobbs: "Without rubbers."

"Sic Transit Gloria"

A former Casseroleromeo and prominent law student, now an eminent barrister in one of our smaller centres, was mistaken for the house detective at one of Edmonton's large hotels during the New Year festivities.

The other day I read an article about six fellows who were working their way through Colgate University by sleeping. The idea is, they go to sleep at night under the observation of several professors who are interested in the physical process of the body during slumber.

I suggest that they come out to the U. of A. and save the price of experimentation by studying sleeping students during the day. A better suggestion might be that they go over to Saskatchewan, where they can study students who are asleep both day and night.

Louis Hyndman has just returned from England, and states in an interview that he would have joined the Knights of the Bath only he was never in London on a Saturday.

Under the heading "Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath," the following appears in a local paper: "Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Bacon, janitor."

institution than a private one. And, for better or for worse, the University of Alberta is a government institution.

We believe that the University should cease to regard the government as its MAIN source of revenue. (Probably the government will agree.) We believe that a vigorous public campaign for funds would be in order, and that those wealthy men who do reside in Alberta should be approached as to the possibility of their doing excellent work with their money in the development of the University of Alberta.

TIME FOR ACTION

Anyone who is interested may find in the Arts and Medical buildings certain ancient mural decorations, consisting of cards inscribed NO SMOKING IN THE HALLS. They are not things of beauty, but it appears that they are cherished as antiques. Like most familiar things, they have lost their interest for most people.

It is said that in the very remote past, certain men (art critics most likely) were asked to give an opinion on them in the Students' Court. As a result they have remained on our walls ever since, but any significance they may have had has been completely forgotten. Recently the local antiquarians have become interested in them, and we learn that they intend to investigate the matter thoroughly. They hope also to interest a number of students.



"No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth."—Bacon.

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—I understand that some dissatisfaction exists among the students over the fact that the date chosen for the "Undergrad" Dance has had to be changed on account of the Parlow concert, which is being put on by the Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association, on the 27th of January. As the last thing that the Alumni desire is to interfere with students' arrangements, will you allow me a few lines in which to explain the position of the Alumni with reference to the matter.

When the project of the concert was first mooted, it was found that it must be at the end of January. A Friday night is much the best night for such an affair. I was deputed by the executive to find out whether or not anything was planned by the students for that night. In the far distant days when I was an undergrad at the University, there was no such thing as a Schedule Man, and though I had heard of his existence, I am afraid it did not occur to me to get in touch with him. I did know, however, that major functions must have the consent of the Provost before a date was definitely fixed for them. I accordingly telephoned Dr. MacEachran, and asked him whether anything was fixed for the night of the 27th. On receiving his reply in the negative, we went ahead with our arrangements.

We now find that the "Undergrad" Dance had been planned for that night, although definite arrangements had not been made with the Provost. We regret exceedingly that the students should have been compelled to alter their arrangements, but hope that no great inconvenience has been done. We would like to make it particularly clear that there is no question of the Alumni claiming priority for any event that they are sponsoring, and we hope that the students will support us in this, our first endeavour in the way of producing a concert.

Yours faithfully,

A. B. HARVEY,
President, Edmonton Branch,
Alumni Association.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—On behalf of those of your readers who are not plutocrats reeking of filthy lucre, I wish to enter my humble protest against the action of the Varsity Tuck Shop in raising the price of tea from 5c to 10c. At the same time as this outrage was perpetrated on a holiday-broken student-body, the proprietors announced an extra charge of 5c for toasting buns. This latter increase in prices, however, was soon removed, so great and painful was the outcry against it.

The Tuck Shop has, unfortunately, a monopoly on the University business, but, I contend, that does not justify its raising prices just for the pleasure it derives from such a pastime.

One thing particularly has been brought home to the students by this latest inroad on their frayed and tattered wallets—namely, the advisability of having a co-operative Tuck Shop owned and operated by some such body as the Students' Union. Its advantages are obvious, and the difficulties in the way of organizing such a venture are not insurmountable.

Yours sorrowfully,
POT O' TEA.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Every now and then my annoyance at some of the silly regulations around here becomes so great that I simply must unburden myself in your long-suffering correspondence section.

My particular grievance today is the childish rule of the University that liquor must not be brought on to the campus in any shape or form. Alberta is not a prohibition province—then why the reactionary regulation? Students in Canada, and particularly in the West, are often advised to keep before them as an example the undergrad of jolly old Oxford. Can you, Mr. Editor, picture the afore-mentioned undergrad toasting His Majesty the King with aqua pura? Yet, at any hour of the day, the progressive University of Alberta expects us to drink enthusiastic toasts to about a dozen people and things—in nice clean H₂O. No wonder attendance at Varsity banquets is decreasing.

Three cheers for whisky! Long live gin!

BACCHUS.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—How many hockey fans are there in the University of Alberta? From the enormous crowd of Varsity students at Saturday night's game one would think that most of the students came from India or some other tropical country where hockey is entirely unknown. Where is all the spirit of a year ago when the new rink was being discussed? It was hoped that when Varsity had a rink of its own, and so close to the residences, that the Varsity team would be given the support that it deserves. However, thirty or forty students at a game is a disgrace to an institution of this size.

We should be able to turn out at least four hundred strong and support our team. The boys are playing fair hockey. True, they are not doing as well as might be. Many students advance this as a reason for not attending the games. From my observations there are nearly eight hundred students who are not in a position to give judgment on the playing ability of the team, because they have never attended a single game.

Incidentally, the arranging of house dances on nights when our team is playing hockey at the rink is a disgrace. Those who have charge of these dances should at least be

willing to co-operate with the team and call off the dances on these nights. The crowd at the games is small enough without splitting it by putting on a house dance the same night. Some of the boys claim that the girls are not interested in hockey. They seem to be interested to the extent of taking a fair amount from the budget for ladies' hockey. Surely they should get out and support the boys if they expect any support in their games.

On the whole I think that a little more co-operation and consideration for others would be a great help to the different sports in the University, and that if we get behind our hockey team and boost for them they will at least feel better if they don't win any more games.

Thanking you for your valuable space, I am,

Yours truly,
JAS. P. MCKENZIE.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I am not a House Eccer, but I make bold to state there is one brand of broth which cannot be spoiled by too many cooks. The contents of our much maligned Casserole will never be improved by those who turn up their fastidious noses, or complain of a bread and milk diet.

Let each and everyone contribute whatever pungent morsel comes to his notice. Casserole is a necessary part, and could be a most delightful part of The Gateway. But we can't all be Leacocks or Lardners. Why should one undergrad be expected to have a whole column of inspirations every week? Casserole was never meant to

contain warmed up scraps of College Humor, or limburger from the annuals of the lamented Mr. Edwards. It should be made up of humor grown in, by, and for the University of Alberta.

It has been said that a people receive the government they deserve. I think a college gets the kind of paper it has coming. Let's all quit criticizing, and turn in the good cracks we hear, the odd snappy comment by our profs, the happy little thoughts of our own idle moments. Let us give Casserole a spiciness and flavor hitherto unprecedented.

Yours for bigger and better laughs,

JULIET.

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FEDERATION IMPRESSIONS

By Wesley Oke

(Editor's Note: This article on the recent convention of the N.F.C.U.S. was written by Wesley Oke, President of the local Students' Union and Alberta's representative at the convention, which was held in Toronto during Christmas. The National Federation of Canadian University Students was formed at a conference in Montreal in Christmas, 1926.)

The National Federation of Canadian University Students is a year old. Its first annual conference held during Christmas week at the University of Toronto found the Federation consolidating its position and advancing the projects which it has declared as its concern. News reports of the conference will appear in The Gateway's next issue.

The Federation aims to further an understanding and the knowledge that will make better understanding possible amongst Canadian students. It is attempting to assist inter-university activities and to make possible a greater amount of student exchange. The Federation is national.

It is also attempting to place Canadian students as an organized body in the international arena. The Federation is a member of the C.I.E. of Europe and is affiliated with the N.U.S. of Great Britain. It is international.

Geographic Difficulties in Canada. Canada is a nation in defiance of geography, and the universities give as striking an example as may be desired of our sectionalism. The thing clearly seen at a gathering of students representing the various universities (I had almost said "constituent universities," as that phrase was a hot favorite at the recent convention.)

Here are the Maritimers. They represent small universities, some situated in, very small towns. The universities are neither wealthy nor powerful. Their students cannot compete on terms of equality with the much larger neighboring universities south of the border. These representatives are liable to assume that the large central Canadian universities regard them patronizingly, and as a result look on with a degree of suspicion. They realize their limitations as well as do the representatives from the other end of the country. Canada's wealth is still concentrated in Ontario and Quebec. The Maritimers may be a trifle hesitant, but they are willing to assist the Federation.

The most interesting delegates, to an English-speaking student at least, are the French—the French-Canadian. This is a term they are careful to contrast with English-Canadian.

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ALBERTA DELEGATE



WESLEY OKE
President of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, who represented the U. of A. at the N.F.C.U.S. convention held in Toronto two weeks ago.

SHOTS AT RANDOM
AND
DO I WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN

By HAPPY PAGAN

This summer I came upon a catechism of one of the prominent churches. You know how they go—a question such as "Who is God?" or "What is the true life?" or "What must I do to attain salvation," or some other such simple question is put in the child's mouth, and then comes the answer in a line or two. It is refreshing to one who has sat for hours listening to professors who frankly declare they know as little about God as an African savage, to come at last upon somebody who can give a definite answer. "Who is God?" "God is a spirit and is eternal." There you are! What could be simpler than that? If our professors looked up a few authorities before they came to the lecture room perhaps they wouldn't waste so much time dawdling around the point.

Another question that has been the subject of much fruitless debate and bloodshed—is also neatly dealt with. It goes something like this. Question: "Suppose a man lives what he considers to be a good life, but does not go to church, is he eligible for heaven?"

Answer: "No, he has not faith. Faith is as necessary as good works." What? Doesn't that dispense with it neatly? Oh! Oh! Oh!

But then I can't quite imagine a man who wanted to go to heaven who wouldn't attend church. A person who doesn't know how to get to a place invariably goes to someone who can show him the way. And what else did God make the churches for? And why did he inspire his ministers to utter such words of wisdom as they do? Indeed, the man who wants to get to heaven is a fool if he doesn't grasp the opportunities offered by the churches. Yessir, he's not a compos mentis.

I really believe that every man who seeks heaven does go to church. The matter with many of us is that we neither want to go to church or heaven. We have entertained the silly idea that this world is enough for the present and that whatever comes after (assuming in a fit of high-falootin' imagination that something does come after other than physical decomposition) is none of our damned business. Now personally, I want to go where the rest of the fellows go, and if it's flying around temple steeples and chording to the massed choirs below, that's plenty good enough for me, but if I'm destined to go where the Bad Man will get me, why, it'd be just my luck anyway.

A year or so ago I went to a church in the city, and when I got out I felt as if I had awakened from a poisonous dream. The speaker of the evening was winding up the annual drive against sin. It was evident that some of the congregation had been doing some unauthorized thinking, and it was against this that the spell-binder delivered a smashing attack. He elaborated on the excruciating pains of hell and the leisure of heaven, and asked his flock to raise their right hands and swear they would never again doubt the word of the Church, nor listen to heresy, nor argue with unbelievers. A thousand people stood up and took an oath to that effect. Terrible? Rather—the fresh air and the University of Alberta seemed very desirable for some time after that.

Well, that passes for religion. The theologians—not all, but a large percentage—teach the unthinking, fearful, superstitious mass that they have the keys to a summer-resortlike heaven, and the joke of it is that in the twentieth century they make it stick. The noble philosophy of Christ is distorted into a hokum that is nothing short of a comedy—of errors. The organ booms; the oracle in the altar babbles an exorcism, the congregation jabbars a response, and the sacred geese, or what you will, appear and disappear.

No, I don't want to go to heaven; the harp is too dear at the price.

APOLOGETIC

Timid administrative officials at the University of North Carolina who suffered great anguish when the Tar Heel told the Armistice Day speaker that he should make his remarks "under a circus tent and not in a university," have brought the matter to a close. The method was a public apology to Congressman Charles Laban Abernathy, in a letter which placed the blame for the comment on the writer of the editorial, and disclaimed any university responsibility for it. Despite alumni and administrative objection to the editorial, the Tar Heel made no retraction and left it to the objectors to do their own weeping. For the administration it should be said no attempt was made to force a retraction.

PLAY THINGS

BEN HUR: A DEPRECIATION

It cost me (individually) \$1.10 to see him. Perhaps I should have been more provident or more punctual; at all events I feel I paid 60c too much. No doubt the producers needed all they took in order to meet the monthly instalments on Model A and also to reimburse adequately two such fecklessly good-looking sheikhs as Ben Hur (Ramon Navarro) and Messala (F. X. Bushman); to say nothing of wages paid to the hundreds of suffering helots who writhed so energetically under the Roman scourge. I give my vote also for whatever salary is paid the Egyptian vamp; the price of such a woman is above rubies. Even so, I feel a bit trimmed.

The fight of the galleys and the chariot race in the circus of Antioch were easily worth twenty cents each, and I do not grudge ten cents more for some of the incidental material in the rest of the film, such as the crowds surging in the narrow Jerusalem streets. The attempt to introduce the more sacred themes and to put over indifferent filming with perfectly good scriptural quotations seemed to me frankly a flivver. Nor has the movie producer yet been found who can keep sacred and sentimental apart. Perhaps his best patrons don't want him to.

The film was quite unfair to the Roman Empire, which was no better, perhaps, but certainly no worse than other empires have been. Unfortunately the average movie patron knows nothing of the beneficent work of Rome, and he would never get a scintilla of enlightenment from "Ben-Hur." And would he be likely to remember all by his little self that all European countries have at one time and another treated the Jews much worse than the Romans ever treated them, and for less reason? Of two things I am sure. One is that there never was a Roman who was so infernally conceited and pleased with himself as F. X. Bushman has been persuaded (or chose) to look. The other is that the Romans never took a convoy of prisoners from Jerusalem to Joppa in the way shown in "Ben-Hur." Rome couldn't afford the luxury of one cavalierman to each prisoner; the producer must have come from a pogrom in Czarist Russia.

I should say in fairness that Arris looked like a noble Roman, but I think that even so exalted a person as a prefect of the fleet would take his iron shirt off when he got to floating on a piece of driftwood. I conclude by mentioning a few humors of the film I happen to remember. Three wise men (other-wise: kings) riding all alone in the desert, poor dears! without a single batman. A very much intoxicated Star in the East which makes a lot of wild stabs before landing over the stable. A most stylishly got up peasant wife, quite immaculate after a day's travel such as she had been through. Ben-Hur and Messala "registering" hatred, for all the world like two tom-cats looking each other over on a back fence. The valley of the lepers which looks like the result of an overdose of Hollywood Hootch. The utterly resigned way in which the governor's house collapses in the earthquake at Jerusalem after the crucifixion. One feels that it either didn't have half a chance or that the Roman government had been badly gypped in its last building contract.

But ho, hum! that will do, I guess. Don't get angry if you don't like this; I'm not paid to amuse you. In fact, I'm not paid at all. I'm only hoping to be paid by some of these big producers for not doing another like this.

—DOKALIK.

THE LOVES OF CARMEN

There is not much plot to the picture, "The Loves of Carmen," being shown all this week at the Rialto theatre. In fact, there are so many other things to it that one does not really care whether there is a plot or not. It is the story of a little fire-eating gypsy maiden—well, hardly "maiden" who has designs on a brave and handsome toreador. But the toreador, a woman-hater, repulses her, which makes the little gypsy bite her nails and do many things that a maiden should not do. Incidentally there is an Oh, so handsome soldier in love with Carmen, the gypsy. When Carmen elopes with Lucas, the bull-fighter, the handsome soldier registers some excellent jealousy and stabs Carmen. Carmen dies quite touchingly in the act of removing a tight pair of shoes. And that's the whole story.

After seeing this picture I am even more set in my ambition to be a motion picture censor. What a pleasant time they must have had in viewing that greater part of the film that the public is not privileged to see. As it was, the censors were more generous than usual. Take for in-

On With The Dance

By Constant

With 1928 social activities recommenced with all the impetuous abandon of charming maidens and handsome youths, the swaying movements and bubbling laughter of the struggling masculine crowd gave clear evidence of Christmas spirits still in the air. In the meantime the generous display of lace unmentionables made unusual garish decorations for the ordinarily sombre House Dance.

It is generally felt that the addition of more congenial and less conspicuous "rendez-vous" for 1928 would be welcomed with loud acclamations from the meeker, designing sex. It is also hoped that the advent of leap year will not seriously affect the dashing ardour and dauntless courage of Varsity swains.

stance the delightful scene in which the brave Lucas undresses for a bath in the village fountain; or the fight between two women workers of the cigar factory, in which both ladies tear each other into an intriguing state of nudity.

Carmen, played by Dolores del Rio, and Lucas, by Victor McLaglen, were very attractive in a strong physical sense. The entire picture may be described as a remarkable display of rather daring sensuality.

The censors' scissors left much to the imagination. There was one scene in which Lucas, quite drunk, caught Carmen around a haystack, suddenly, and the scene shifted to the handsome soldier asking for Carmen. A gypsy answers him, saying, "Oh! Haven't you heard? She lives in a palace now and drives in a carriage with Lucas!"

—E. M. J.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT

Here is Lon Chaney in one of his character roles, touches of which recall his masterpiece of make-up, "The Hunchback." Not that there is any similarity in plot or idea, for "The Hunchback" was a great novel, while "London After Midnight" is inclined to the melodramatic. It is an interesting picture, and in a unique way, through the early part of the picture there seems to be a great deal of over-acting, there seems to be a great misuse of coincidence—but when the latter part of the story unfolds, every move in the first part becomes significant, and the coincidences turn out to be not coincidences at all.

During the first few reels I must confess that I felt quite embarrassed for Chaney, since he seemed very unconvincing as a detective, but the tremendous surprises that unfolded later on more than made up for my earlier qualms. I formed several pet theories in the beginning, and was able to preserve them until almost the end, when I saw them shattered by a very ingenious denouement—an edifying experience in a mystery story.

Of course, the picture has faults. Conrad Nagel was quite lost as a suspected lover, and was a long way from being the heroic figure that I expected. The hypnotic manoeuvres of Chaney, too, were rather laughable, and the same might be said of several scenes in the play, where the menacing and gruesome has a strong tendency to lapse into the ridiculous.

The unexpected twist given to the plot at the end, the quite plausible explanation of the entire happenings, and Lon Chaney at his best in the last reels, with a very becoming heroine, make the picture a real Chaney picture, and as such one slightly above the average.

—F. E. L. P.

IN MEMORIAM

Things will never be the same again. No matter how full of happiness these days may be; no matter how the sun shines down in these delightful January days, life cannot again be perfect: Tillie has left us.

Returning from their Christmas holidays, students were greeted with the sad fact that this lovely Queen of the Luck had resigned her position. No longer do we see her quick and happy smile. We call for toast and tea and wait in vain to hear a cheerful voice proclaim, "Alright-see!"

Yes—Tillie has gone—but, hope whispers, "Patience! She may return!"

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These Pestilent Profs

By Y.

The other night I had just settled down to investigate the Seven Years' War when Roberta burst into the room, hurled her hat towards my trunk, and subsided. Robbie is a dissenter, an iconoclast and a bright red Bolshevik—there's at least one in every corridor.

"Well, old firecracker," said I, "what's on your mind now?"

"A lot," replied Robbie, looking almost as tragic as Lillian Gish. "Do you know what my dear professor handed me in Dology 51? The noble sum of sixty—sixty, after all the plugging I did—it's an outrage!"

"My child," said I, "if you will go skating on the night before a test—"

"But I didn't," she protested hotly. "I stayed home, doing Sidney Carton stuff with a damp towel round my head. I thought I had that course down cold—and I drag away a sixty. There's a reason! How could anybody write a decent test with the faculty dodging in and out in squeaky shoes?"

"Shsh—! Disloyalty!" I murmured, but Robbie would not be deterred.

"He got in five minutes late," she declared in her best debating society manner. "He wrote the test on the board in his usual script. He made comments thereon for ten minutes—and did we then get peace to write?—not so, Horatio, until the roll had been called. By that time I had that mixed up, frustrated feeling, which wasn't helped any by the fount of all wisdom stepping out every now and then to see if the hall were still there. He started saying, 'Papers, please, when the first bell went. So after this concatenation of circumstances (as Don Bee would remark) I add up to sixty.'"

"Raw deal, cherie," said I soothingly. "A professor during exams should be seen but not heard. I'm getting this up for a man who's a sport. He hands you a printed page, and then fades out of the picture for an hour. Would you mind closing the door quietly from the outside?" Robbie retrieved her hat, and departed muttering darkly. "He was my prof—and he done me wrong."

That "Extra-curricular activities of Canadian University students are desirable to their studies" was decided at a meeting of the Arts '30 Debating Society lately. — McGill Daily.

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SPORTS



Elks Defeat Varsity For Third Place In League

Green and Gold Again Loses By Narrow Margin—Losers Rally Too Late—Elks Work Smooth Combination—Both Teams Check Heavily

Varsity retained the cellar position in the Edmonton Senior Hockey League when she lost another game to the Elks Saturday night, January 7th, at the Varsity rink, by three goals to four. The ice was good, but rather sticky, and the sides were lined by over three hundred fans. Very heavy body-checking, especially by the Elks, and good goalkeeping by both goalies characterized the game. The winners drew two penalties; Varsity, one.

A Tie Period

From the face-off the Elks made several dangerous rushes and tested "D.P." frequently, while Varsity displayed the old lack of combination. The Green and Gold seemed to be a little better than in former games in the defense department, using their bodies to more advantage, and leaving the puck to their forwards. However, the first goal fell to the Elks, when S. Ferris beat "D.P." on a perfect pass from Burnett, after good combination.

With the face-off, Cooper drew a

penalty of two minutes for tripping. "D.P." let a hard drive through, but no score was allowed, as the referee saw the forward pass. Varsity played on the defensive until Cooper returned, just after Levell had tested Howie with a long shot from center ice. MacDonald saved a hard shot by the Elks. Prittie rushed in on Howie, was wild in his shot, and the goalie stopped his nice backhand recovery. D.P. was called upon to save twice more. Barker left the ice for a few minutes with a damaged hand. Varsity got off to a nice start at the face-off, missed an excellent chance to score, and then Levell flipped the disk into the net after a rare flash of real combination. "D.P." saved a vicious drive, passed to Knight, who went down the ice but shot wildly. Varsity did some heavy and effective combinations on the part of the Elks. checking, and broke up several good Joly sent in a weak attempt that Howie found untroublesome. Powers

(Continued on Page Six)

SWIMMERS TO HOLD YEAR MEET FEB. 8

Men May Train at Y.M.C.A. Pool—First Inter-Varsity Competition Early in March

The date has at last been set for the inter-year swimming meet. The fourth annual natatorial competition of the Swimming Club will take place on Wednesday, February 8th, at 8:15 p.m., at the Y.W.C.A. pool. In order that the meet shall be a success it is suggested that all swimmers, both men and women, turn out and train. Very reasonable rates have been secured at the Y.M.C.A. for the men in the club, the charge being one dollar for the next two months. The holder of one of these tickets may go swimming as often as he likes, three times a day if he wishes. All you have to do is go down to the "Y," say you are from the club and pay your dollar.

The winners in the inter-year meet will in all probability be picked to represent the University against the University of Saskatchewan. The inter-arsity meet will be held here some time between March 3rd and March 10th. This is the first year that an inter-arsity competition has been staged, and we naturally wish to see Alberta come out on top. This, as has been said before, can only be achieved by constant training, and therefore the year captains are especially requested to get their men out.

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BIG HOOP BILL FRIDAY NIGHT

Senior Girls and Intermediate Boys to Meet City Teams in League Fixtures

Friday night, January 13th, will be an unlucky occasion for two of the four basketball teams then scheduled to battle for supremacy. The upper gymnasium will be the scene of both games. Also, both sexes are to be represented on the floor, Varsity by the Intermediate boys' team and the Senior girls' squad.

The boys are to clash with the Y.M.C.A. lads, in the first game of the Edmonton Intermediate Basketball League. The Green and Gold has the largest number of available players on her roster that she has been fortunate enough to possess for many months, many of whom are of senior calibre. Coach Morrison is quietly confident that nothing the "Y" team can do will make the 13th an unlucky day for the Varsity seconds.

As for the girls, the writer speaks with the confidence born of observation when he argues that the Collegiates are due for a nasty surprise when they try to set their checks on the Coeds. The girls' team is undoubtedly the strongest and best-conditioned team that has ever represented Varsity under the hoops. Hard from two months of stamina-developing exercise, fast practices, and playing against boys' teams, these young amazons go at top speed the whole time. With Gladys Fry at center and Ethel Barnett on the defense line, two stars of proven worth are backed by a solid setting of experienced girl players. 'Twill take all the superstitious wiles of the goddess of unlucky numbers to send this team down to defeat.

Friday will be the occasion of the first appearance of either of the Varsity teams mentioned above, and one not to be missed. The girls are to travel to Manitoba this year, and Friday is the time to sum up Alberta's chances in the coming annual hoop classic with the Brown and Gold. The game starts at eight o'clock sharp, and the girls' and boys' games will be run off in alternate periods, thus giving both sets of teams a long rest between periods, at the same time providing the spectators with an unbroken eighty minutes of play. These are the details; the fulfillment of them you will see on Friday night. En avant!

The boys' team will be picked from among the following: Seibert, Miller, Shandro, Douglas, Menzies, Oswald, Hess, Saddington, Little, Carscallen, Donaldson, Jamieson, Parsons, "Nick" and Batson.

The girl players for Varsity are: Mary Alexander, Doris Calhoun, Vera Palmer, forwards; Gladys Fry, center; Ethel Barnett, Margaret Morrison, Kathleen Esch (Capt.), guards.

Varsity Will Play Monarchs

Thursday, January 19th, to be Occasion of First Game for Misener Cup

Not for much longer will devotees of the puck and stick be kept waiting by the Varsity senior girls' team. On the evening of January 19th, the Coeds measure skill and stamina with the Monarchs, present holders of the Misener Cup. This will be the first game of the annual Misener Cup series, and there will follow three more girls' league games in close succession.

The Varsity girls have, on the whole, better material than they had last year. Several of the past season's stars remain on the lineup, and valuable additions have been added from among the freshettes; one lucky acquisition to the Co-ed team is a former Monarch star, who has shown up exceedingly well in practices.

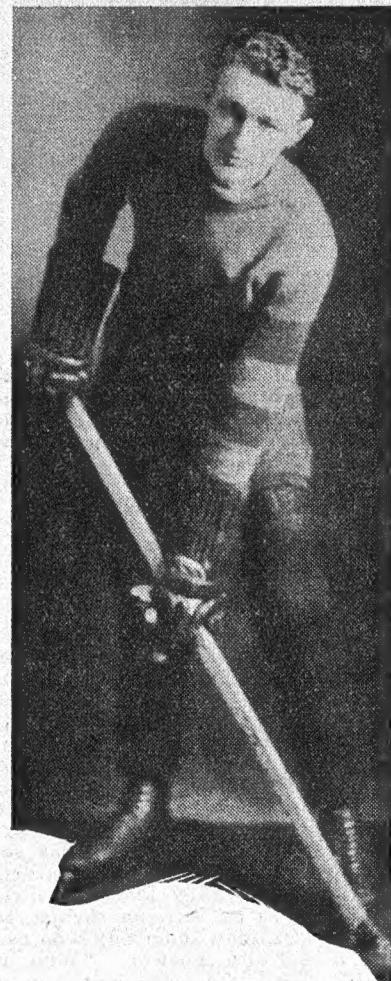
It is admitted that the Monarchs have had an earlier start in practices and are thus at present in the more favorable position. But the Varsity Seniors have already renewed their interrupted training under the coaching of Bat Waines, and are using every precious minute that can be secured for practice. The girls realize that the students expect better things of them than girls hockey has shown in the past, and are anxious to provide a good brand of hockey. They'll bear watching, fans! Keep the 19th open!

NEW HOUSE LEAGUE STARTS NEXT WEEK

New Teams Are to Be Selected This Week—Plenty of Competition is Assured

The new House League will get under way by the beginning of next week. The teams have not yet been selected, but Jack Allen, head of the league, will hold a conference the latter part of this week with last year's captains, for the purpose of choosing the new teams. The new league will be smaller than the last one, but a good deal of fast competition is assured.

FAST MAN



GILLY LEVELL

"Gilly" Levell has proved himself to be Varsity's most useful forward. Fast on his skates, clever with the stick, and quite unsparing of himself in any game, he keeps the other team guessing. Two goals and an assist was his record last Saturday. Constant hard luck on terrible ice was the reason for his failure to score several on Tuesday. In short, behold Varsity's chief goal-getter.

SPORTING SLANTS

Hm! One win out of seven games! About time we began to win a few, or else leave hockey and have a try at ping-pong!

Tough breaks. Yes, but so have the other teams! Last Tuesday we had all the lucky breaks in front of the Maple Leafs' goal, and yet where were the results? Forwards skating back instead of being there to take a pass or shoot in a loose puck!

Another thing, Powers and Groves; why not cease these ineffectual solo rushes and do a little more passing? It's foolish for one man to try and beat a three-man defense.

That man Knight has points. But one of them isn't accurate shooting. An improvement here might make him a real help instead of a source of disappointment to Varsity rooters.

Here's hoping that Prittie and Power continue to work together the way they did on Tuesday. "D.P." is good, but he can't stop shots all the time.

Combination—faugh! The intermediates are far better! What are the coaches doing, that they don't see the fault? Surely they hear the common verdict of the fans? "Good players—fast and strong enough, but with no more team system than a herd of goats!" etc., etc. Why should we clamour in this column about what it is their duty and sole purpose to make you players do? We cannot doubt their wisdom—but we deprecate their apparent leniency.

A stranger, visiting the University during the holidays, mistook the new arena for the University piggy! Might as well be, for all the use a lot of students are making of its skating nights and hockey games!

We do hope that the girl will show us a better brand of hockey on the 19th than they did last season. We're all for them, if they do!

Come on! On with the mitts and at the punching bag! Get your friend to give you a workout on the mat! We don't want to see a bunch of ill-conditioned weaklings in the tournament!

Good going, basketball girls! Of all the various sport clubs on the campus, you alone have stuck close to hard practice and training. You still need system, but compared with others, your chances are best for bringing credit to the U. of A.

Would that the hockey lads had one-half of your condition! The heavy ice the other night had a telling effect upon the ill-conditioned forwards.

Sorry to hear that Manitoba has resigned from the Hoop League. They are ancient and venerable foes, and the U. of A. hungers to abase them beneath the hoops. Her chances were never better than this season—we wonder how much this influenced the recent decision of the easterners?

Maple Leafs Out-Golf U. of A. on Terrible Ice

Varsity Fails to Make Use of Many Breaks—Game Slow But Exciting Varsity Defense Improved—Leafs Have Better Combination—Score One to Nothing

On Tuesday night at the Rink, Varsity dropped another game to the league-leading Maple Leafs by the score of 1-0. The score is fairly indicative of the play throughout. Honors were even in the first period; in the second, the Leafs overshadowed the Green and Gold; in the final stanza Varsity, although a goal was scored against them, had a slight edge. This defeat, coupled with four other losses as against one win, leaves the Varsity sextette in a well-nigh hopeless position for the play-off, but nevertheless two important factors showed considerable improvement on Tuesday night: the defence of Powers and Prittie showed up to advantage during the whole game; also the boys stepped into their men, and the Leafs were up against some stiff body-checking for a change.

The First Round

Varsity started well, and despite the sticky condition of the ice it looked as if the team was going to play some combination. Wilf Kinney broke through on a dangerous rush, but the defence stopped him. Varsity sent down a three-man rush, but the men could not control the rolling puck. D.P. was called upon to clear a rebound from Collingwood. Pat Morris, who was working hard, nearly surprised Castagner with a back-hand flip. The Green and Gold continued to press, but could not get results. "Gilly" Levell and Pat Morris made a nice two-man rush, but failed to score. Pat Powers followed in, but lost the puck to Jim Kinney. Kinney lost to Bob Prittie who could not get away. MacDonald was called upon to save two shots in quick succession from Mahar and Carrigan. The condition of the ice began to tell, and the Varsity boys began to wilt. Their early attempts at combination were lacking, while the erratic puck made things more difficult. The Leafs began to press hard, and all the Varsity forward line except Morris seemed to lack condition.

Levell took the puck and sent in a nice shot, but Castagner cleared, and Jim Kinney wafted in one with which D.P. had no difficulty. At this point Morris, with another quick back-hand flip, nearly scored. The Varsity sub line came on in the last five minutes and didn't show up so well. Duggan sent a tricky shot at MacDonald, but D.P. saved. The defence showed some nice work toward the end of the frame. Groves was through three times, but failed to score. Cooper was a little wild on his passes, and Runge could not seem to get started. Pat Powers sent through a long shot as the gong clanged.

Leafs Press Hard

The second period opened with end to end rushes. Lefty Groves was wild on a shot. Morris and Levell each had narrow misses. Collingwood and Maher broke through the defence, and D.P. saved what looked like a sure goal. Pat Morris took the puck

down alone, and while in a good position to score was blocked by Jim Kinney. The Maple Leafs came on strong and sent down several dangerous rushes. Despite this fact, Varsity was presented with two glorious opportunities to score, but they failed. Knight, who didn't play as good hockey as he can, broke through the defence and had only the goalie to beat. Either Castagner was too good or Knight was not good enough, for no score resulted. Shortly after "Gilly" Levell picked up a loose puck behind the Leafs' goal and circled out with only Castagner in the way. He sent in a shot, but Castagner got in the way and staved it off. "Gilly" could not control the puck on the soft ice, and passed up two other chances to score. Lefty Groves made two vigorous attempts to score, and locked with D. P. MacDonald. A short scuffle ensued. The referee calmed them down, and the game continued. The Varsity defence was still going strong, and Bob Prittie, despite a sore side, did some nice checking. The forwards slowed up and the Leafs gave D.P. some

(Continued on Page Six)

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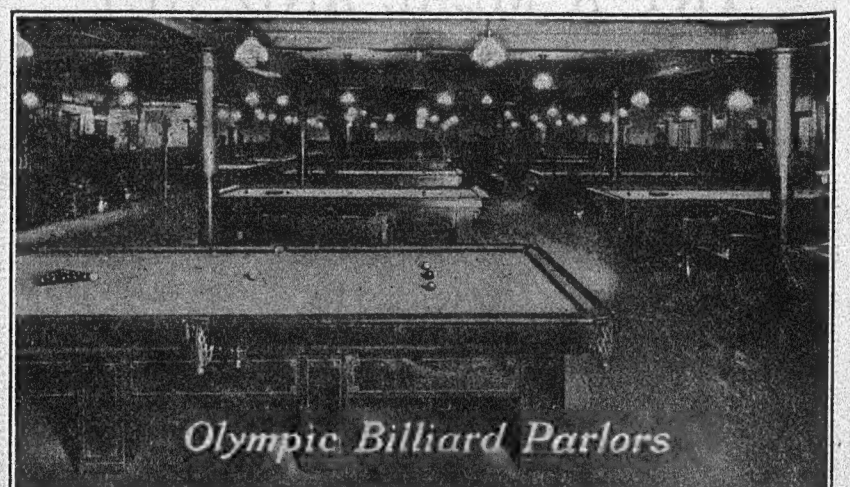
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C. E. MORRIS

THE MANLY ART

By E. A. Howes

Our President of Athletics has suggested that a word or two in support of those who are trying to promote boxing and wrestling in the University would be timely. This is one excuse in extenuation of this again appearing in print. The other excuse is that the President's suggestion was welcome, as some may suspect, when one is always so ready to give advice to the younger generation as to how athletics should be conducted, and why.

It may be taking somewhat unfair advantage of the opportunity to submit the following extract from one of a series of reminiscences of the eighties and nineties, compiled by the writer during the past winter. On the other hand it may be of passing interest to some to read a somewhat unconventional story, which while reminiscent of a bygone day, is nevertheless, a sort of justification of faith on the part of the writer. Let's go:

"It will not take long to dispose of wrestling. I never cared much for the common type, with its interminable waiting while the wrestlers write on the mat, and there is plenty of time to observe the skinned elbows and knees. It is all right for 'them as likes it.' I would like, however, to speak of a species of wrestling that I found current in Vermont, when I spent a year in the Green Mountain State some time ago. Once or twice a week the boys from the

hill farms would gather with the boys of the local village, and spend the evening in athletic contests on the village green; in the winter they would meet in some hall. The favorite sport was 'collar and elbow' wrestling, and I used to join in the fun with great zest. The contestants stood facing each other, left hand grasping right elbow and right hand grasping the jacket collar of the opponent, at the back. To break these grips was forbidden, and ranked as a fall. There were a number of 'locks,' that were tried out in the effort to throw each other, and there was action all the time. I did not know at the time that this was the type of wrestling that helped to make John Ridd famous in Somerset and Devon, as told in Lorna Doone, nor that the sport I enjoyed so much was but a survival of an ancient form of wrestling, probably among the Early Britons.

"If I were starting over again, and if I were confined to one form of sport, boxing would be my choice. There is no other form of athletics that excels it, as an all-round exercise, as a sharpener of the perceptions, or as a modifier of temperament. I cannot remember the day that I did not take a keen delight in boxing, although in earlier years we never saw a boxing glove. I was nineteen years old when I bought my first set of gloves, and for some years after I carried them, along with a wonderful gym suit, in the top of my trunk when moved, and I moved pretty often. High school was left behind, and it was, as Crockett says, 'the time of the wild old sowing.' In a Vermont saw-mill, in a New Hampshire newspaper office, on railway construction and in Wisconsin lumber woods, those old gloves came in handy for many a bout, and I am proud to say that generally I had the worst of the encounters. Then when I came back to Canada, to settle down and teach once more, I still kept a set of gloves, with which to offer entertainment during the long evenings, should any of the boys drop in; and they came somewhat frequent.

"It was while working in the newspaper office that I first met Jim Corbett. A few weeks before, a baseball team from Boston visited our town, and with it came the great John L. Sullivan as a sort of honorary president. I may as well confess that I was somewhat disappointed with his behavior that day, and I felt like throwing my gloves away. It was at the height of my boxing craze, when in addition to taking on the lads in the office, I was accustomed to put the gloves in a bag, and seek opposition at the Boston and Main roundhouse; I found it all right. When I saw how the greatest boxer of all conducted himself at this baseball game, I grew rather sick of the whole business. Just a few weeks after that, Brady came along with his troupe, playing the old English melodrama, 'After Dark,' and young J. J. Corbett did some boxing between acts. I was sent to interview him, and when I met this handsome, gentlemanly young fellow, and after I saw an exhibition of his marvellous quickness and skill, I became his ardent admirer. I have never changed my opinion. I wrote what was probably a most florid article, and it was blue pencilled. One of the editors was George Moses, now Republican Chairman of the Senate, and one of the kindest friends a raw lad ever had. He said as I remember, 'Canuck! You're crazy with the heat! Here you say this chap, Corbett, has a new style of pugilism. You say, too, that he should lick Sullivan in twenty rounds. You're crazy with the heat!' I protested to no purpose, but later when Corbett took up John L.'s challenge, my prophecy was printed, and great was the laugh among the exchanges. After Sep-

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AGAINST REALISM

By ACERBUS.

A new tribe of writers has arisen. They have been acclaimed as prophets of truth, and have been showered with gold. Their number grows; and now they form such a definite class that they are entitled to an emblem of distinction. They grow less timid day by day. At first their motto was "Pala est Pala," but now they must say, "Pala Firum Fimum Vocamus!"

Realistic writers have been with us through the ages. Some of the greatest classics are gems of realism. They must be realistic (in the true sense of the word) in order to live. The true meaning of Realism is easy to discuss but difficult to define. A written work is truly realistic if it pictures a probable phase of humanity in a vivid, unbiased and unrevolting manner. But this definition can no longer apply to the modern school of realistic writers. They do not discuss normal beings, but select cases of abnormal degeneration as their subjects. They ignore all possibility of good in their "heroes," characters, and magnify their indecencies beyond all proportion. For "atmosphere" and "background" they select pungent odors and offal, and place the scenes of their stories in unsanitary communities of morbid slum-dwellers.

There are only two themes to be found in their stories. The first of these themes deals with the destruction of all things long-accepted as being most decent. They delight in calling bishops brabblers and showing the unselfishness of parsons in the light of a lazy, worldly ambition. They sneer at the plodder for his unobtrusiveness, but rant at the leader of thought for his forwardness and imagination. Love, to them, is an animal passion; honor is a feebleness of mind; beauty is the lack of ugliness—a negative quantity; and purity is an irksome restraint. They have made it the fashion to jeer at marriage and praise divorce, to condemn the saint and extol the murderer. They encourage age in its inconstancy and youth in its dissipation.

The second theme of the Realists states that everything vulgar must remain vulgar; that there is no hope of improvement among the indecent. They study the evils of evil man with relish. They are happy to wallow with swine and attempt to draw man down to the level of the pig-pen.

The Realists are fond of detail. They will spare their readers no vestige of beauty in their attempts to dissect their subjects into minute particles of ugliness.

Not long ago a young writer published his first novel, the story of a hobo living among drunks and harlots. He was proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land as a genius. Special praise was given by many critics to a passage in the book that dealt with a prize fight. The hero was being badly beaten. Both his eyes were closed, his mouth was cut, and his nose was broken by a crushing blow. The blood congealed in his nostrils and prevented him from breathing as freely as he might. At a loss what to do, his trainer, "Leaned over his heaving sweating body and gently squeezed his aching nose between thumb and forefinger . . . this failing, he placed his mouth over his (the fighter's) nose and sucked until the blood-clot came free! . . ." Let Acerbus spare you the further details. Other ex-

tember I had use for the old adage about him who laughs.

I still think that boxing, as demonstrated by Jim Corbett, Tommy Gibbons and Gene Tunney, is just about the finest sport invented. Jim wrote me not long ago that his book, "The Roar of the Crowd" was coming out, and I secured the first copy I could buy. I sent it to a lad of whom I am very fond, sent it that he might get a conception of that for which clean boxing stands.

Misgivings
And that is why the writer is seen at or near the ringside when a tournament is to the fore. If he now and then experiences a passing misgiving that such behavior may be construed by some earnest but erring souls as lacking in professional dignity, reassurance is forthcoming when he glances to right or left and recognizes not only the presence but the preoccupation of Professors of English and of Classics and of other dignified University Departments.

One reflection is closing! We all go to rugby games where injuries are frequent and sometimes serious; we go to hockey and lacrosse games, where scientific application of the hickory is not only condoned but often encouraged; but many of us who enthusiastically attend these pastimes, would not think of supporting, by our presence, a contest where two well conditioned young men stage a demonstration of the many art of self-defence. It is not alone the "Heathen Chinese" that is "peculiar." Anyone who attended our boxing and wrestling tournament last year must admit that it was a splendid sporting event. Here's hoping the boys repeat this year.

Men of Garlic!

By Fumoso.

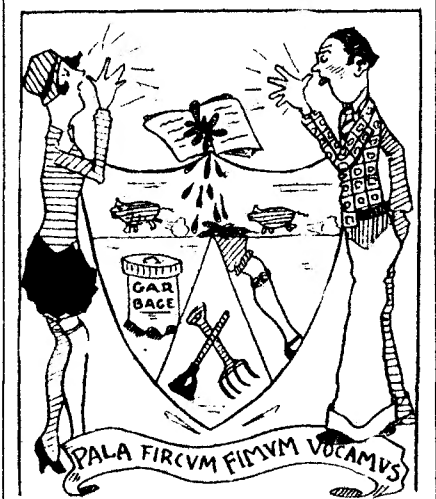
With all due apologies to the Welsh.

Men of Garlic! Aren't they awful? Do you smell their juicy crawly? Wave on wave their stinking mawful Leaves us in a swoon! Countless swains and wenches, Reckless of our senses, Free from care, pollute the air With variegated, putrefying stench! Men of Garlic, we abhor ye! We with outraged souls abjure ye! And, importune, implore ye! Free us from this blight!

amples of this kind occur to Acerbus, but even his constitution is too weak to withstand their repetition.

It is possible to be realistic without being crude. Beauty is as real as ugliness. Dignity is more real than indecency. The works of the great writers of the past and of the sane authors of today prove this. There is much realism in Conrad, yet it is a realism that ennoble man instead of degrading him. For Realism, "What can excell Yeat's little poem, 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree,' or 'Hit,' by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, or 'The

THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE REALISTIC WRITER



Common Street," by Helen Gray Cone—and countless others of equal variety, both old and new?

While others sit at prize-fights to watch trainers sucking blood-clots from their fighters' noses, reading a novel

"Of Cerberus and blackest Mid-

night born

In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks

and sights unholly

Acerbus would rather sit at home in the company of saner men, or slip away in fancy to a place where

" . . . peace comes dropping slow,

Dropping on the veils of morning to

where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and

noon a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's

wings."

One of the rowdiest "rags" the

west end of London ever witnessed followed the annual football match between Oxford and Cambridge, which was played at Twickenham, near London, recently. The undergraduates and their supporters invaded several theatres in the evening and raised serious disturbances. They compelled the stoppage of two performances and the dismissal of the audiences. They surged into the streets and commandeered taxis and omnibuses, fought the police and created pandemonium generally.

Athletics for All

Won over by the policy of athletics for all instead of "the starring of eight or ten," students at the Women's College of Alabama have voted to banish intercollegiate athletics in favor of games for all the institution. The Wo-Co-Ala News says the college "is justly proud of her position."

There was a fluttering of hearts and downcast looks at the United Theological College recently when a notice appeared on the official board that the students in future would not have as free hand in their matrimonial affairs as had formerly been the case, and that a student for the ministry employed to supply in one of their charges should not marry without the consent of the College Faculty.—McGill Daily.

Geological Tour

Harvard geology students will leave American mountains next summer and turn their attention to European geological centres. An expedition is being organized by Professor K. F. Mather, who is working in conjunction with the University of Geneva, from which a student group will join the Harvard expedition. Twelve weeks will be consumed in studying European geological formations. Academic credit will be granted for the summer course.

U.B.C.—More formally known as the University of British Columbia—was the recipient of a strange presentation. The Alumni Association presented to the University two totem poles just a short time ago. The presentation was accompanied by a speech from the chief of the tribe from which the pole had been purchased. The alumni hope that these two relics of the days of the Indian will form the nucleus of a collection of such curios.

What is believed to be the largest foreign enrolment of any strictly American college in the United States has been reported by the University of Chicago, who has 397 foreign students, representing 42 countries. Canadians lead with an enrolment of 156. China and Japan take second and third places with 101 and 25 respectively.—The Industrial Collegian.

Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, dean of Barnard College, delivered a speech in New York recently, on "The Modern Woman, What She Does in the World." Her subject treated the differences between the woman of today and the woman of several generations ago. The contrast, though perhaps upsetting to the idealist who always pictures woman as a house fixture, a necessary and expected utensil, nevertheless leads one to prefer the present conditions to those of the past.—Columbia Spectator.

Righteousness Triumphant

By Septem Venite Undecim

Now it so happened in the City of Var in the days when To-Ri was King, that there was a certain man by the name of Mah-Kop-Pin who did keep an Inn. And, as this hostelry did lie close to the city walls, it did become a favored spot for the youth of the city, where to congregate after the toils and sports of the day were ended.

Now Mah-Kop-Pin was once loved throughout the city, for there was a time when he did give gifts to the Une-Yon of the City to provide a roof for the Rink of the City and for the hundreds which did go to see the acrobats and demented citizens which in that lawless day did provide amusement for those of wealth. But there came a certain God-less young ne'er-do-well y-clept Har-Rold which did so bamboozle the kindly Mah-Kop-Pin that he became possessed of an evil spirit and did do things unworthy of him. For Har-Rold was of an evil nature, curling his hair, riding about the land on the back of a strange bug, uttering weird oaths, and curling his moustaches.

Led from the paths of righteousness in this wise the once-godly Mah-Kop-Pin did refuse a drink of water to a well-nigh penniless maiden which did thirst greatly, and demanded of her a great sum for the satisfaction of it. And the youth of the City which had learned to respect the acts and counsels of Mah-Kop-Pin marvelled and wondered and did speak of it in the Great Corridor and did write letters which were placed for all to see in the Gateway of the City. But Mah-Kop-Pin did seem to heed not the disapproval of his patrons and did go his wicked way as if he knew not of it. And he did refuse to put the butter on the breads of cinnamon which were greatly liked by the Co-Eds of the City, as the wilder and more gold-diggerish of the young women were called. But fortunately a certain prophet of Var-City which did foretell the displacing of wooden soldiers as playthings for the very young of the land, did use his divine powers for the melioration of this evil and the rolls were buttered as in days of yore.

But the prophet went his way bent on the study of the Law of the country of his fathers, and Mah-Kop-Pin did once more turn his eyes from godly things. And he did launch upon a scurrilous persecution of the poor and needy youth of the City and did demand of them tremendous amounts of silver until in the direness of their need they did sign yellow slips of paper hoping in their hearts that some time they would be able to pay the sums for which these documents stood. And the City was sad and wrathful at the acts of its former benefactor.

And the price of pots of tea did rise as the sea-gull before the thunder-cloud and the Sen-Yors grew dark in the face with sorrow. And Mah-Kop-Pin did direct Mai-Bul that she should extort double the amount for the scorching of cinnamon breads. And all the City did mourn and the Sods did weep and the Co-Eds did gnash their teeth with hunger.

Then did the heart of Mah-Kop-Pin relent for a time, and he did burn the cinnamon breads as before for the amount which it cost him—which was nothing at all. And once more the youth of the City did begin to rouse their sinking spirits and count their dwindling monies. But some which had given up hope of Mah-Kop-Pin's repentance did begin to spy about the land and did find cost but one part in two of the sum demanded by the misguided Mah-Kop-Pin, and did urge that all should go to the inn kept by the genial Saint Joe.

And they argued at great length that Mah-Kop-Pin did not live in the centre of the City where the tax levies were high, that the service which he gave was as the egg which

another hostel where pots of tea did is past its prime, and did raise all manner of such objection. But the most of the youths were confident that Mah-Kop-Pin was a righteous man at heart and did continue to frequent his inn. But they did make it plain that the dictates of poverty would not permit them long to so continue, and pleaded with Mah-Kop-Pin and Har-Rold and the beauteous Mai-Bul.

And, lo, and behold, Mah-Kop-Pin did recover from his mental and bodily grouch and did see the light once more as the God-fearing man he was before he was smitten by the Evil One. And the cost of tea did fall like the darkness after the sun goes down, and once more the name of Mah-Kop-Pin was respected in the City of Var. And there was a sound of revelry by night, and all the youth with capital did don their coats and gather there, and drink tea oft and noisily.



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ST. JOSEPH'S RECEPTION

By Ethelbert

Hell! Here it is after one o'clock, and it's all over. I'm a little tired—almost too tired to write this; but having crawled out of my more hampering garments, I'm here at work. I wonder if everyone had a good time—everyone certainly looked it, especially when they were playing with the balloons. Isn't it peculiar that at the age of six one's ambition is to inflate a balloon, and, if his ambition is not realized, one cries. While fifteen years later instantaneous deflation has become a mania. I even saw R. U. Harwood quietly sobbing in a corner because he couldn't get a balloon to burst, while little Mattie Halton had already burst three. This sounds a trifle far-fetched, but it might be true, and anyway, I'm awfully sleepy.

Who recognized the gym?—it had always reminded me of a girl (not familiarly but vaguely) with its bare brick; but tonight even the radiators had blossomed forth in green and gold with a St. Joseph's crest, while the ceiling had lost its rigid classic sternness and was soft and caressing in streamers of green and gold. Now that I am sleepy, the remembered vision of the green and gold suggests trees and sunshine! I must be getting frightfully sleepy.

What word is opposite to opiate or sedative? Anyway, that's what I need. If I think of the supper I'll feel better. Yes, quite! Small tables with only candles for light—about the first dance at which I've eaten where supper didn't interrupt my line. Jove! I like that candle-light. Still I suppose I shouldn't get so sentimental. But it was frightfully romantic, and I'll bet I wasn't the only one there who was inclined to lower the voice to the conventional amorous whisper and steal my hand into a loved one's. Ye gods! Every time I get really sleepy I slide off into that Elinor Glynn stuff. I'll have to cut it out. I wonder if I have got "It." Sometimes I think—Oh, dash it! Wasn't the music lovely? Good-morning!

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MAPLE LEAFS OUT-GOLF U. OF A. ON TERRIBLE ICE

(Continued from Page 4)

tough shots to handle. Jim Kinney and Lefty Groves were right through, but MacDonald made a great save of Groves' shot. A mixup in the Leafs' goal mouth still brought no score. Immediately afterwards MacDonald came out five yards to make a spectacular save from Eric Collingwood; the crowd roared its appreciation. Pat Powers went through the entire team, but had hard luck at the goal. The subs came on a few minutes, and Gus Runge did some good checking. Just before the bell the Leafs went through and failed to tally on what looked like a sure goal, much to the crowd's delight.

Varsity Speeds Up

The third period produced a faster pace. Each team was out to break the scoreless tie. The sub line started and Runge was conspicuous for his stiff checking. Cooper could not seem to get under way, and though he did some good back-checking, he lacked effectiveness. D.P. was called upon to stop shots from Lefty Groves and Collingwood. The Green and Gold first string line came on, and Morris went right through only to be again blocked at the critical moment by J. Kinney. Pat cracked Kinney on the leg just to let him know that he didn't like it a bit. MacDonald saved a hot shot from Duggan, and Knight again fell down when he missed what seemed a sure goal. Castagner made two of three lucky saves. Duggan nearly fooled D.P. on a blind shot. Mahar came down and failed at score; also missing the rebound. The game speeded up, and in a mixup in front of Varsity's goal, MacDonald fell prone on the ice and a goal was scored that the umpire and the crowd didn't see, so no count resulted. Mahar was given two minutes, the first penalty of the game, for over-stiff body-checking. Gus Runge missed a goal on a shot that Castagner never saw. Varsity pressed hard, and in a mixup in front of Castagner failed to net the puck. Carrigan stick-handled right through the whole team and scored the one and only goal, which put the game on ice for the Leafs. The time of scoring was 14:55. Prittie drew a two-minute penalty and Varsity's efforts to even the count were without avail. The game ended 1-0 in favor of the Maple Leafs.

Morris Was Good

The Varsity defence was steady and much improved. Prittie and Power did good work both offensively and defensively. On the forward line Pat Morris was the outstanding man. Levell did not find the ice suitable, and was not as effective as usual. D.P. MacDonald did not leave his goal as much, and played a stellar game between the gas-pipes. It was a good game to win and a tough one to lose.

The lineups:

Varsity	Maple Leafs
MacDonald..... goal	Castagner
Prittie..... defence	J. Kinney
Power..... defence	W. Kinney
Morris..... forwards	Mahar
Levell..... forwards	Carrigan
Knight..... forwards	Collingwood
Groves..... subs	Duggan
Cooper..... subs	Mahar

Referee: Stan Stevens.

GREETING FROM IMPERIAL DEBATER

The Gateway acknowledges with pleasure a Christmas card from Hugh Molson, formerly of Oxford, and now connected with the Legislative Council at New Delhi, India.

Many members of the faculty and student body will remember Mr. Molson as the brilliant representative of Oxford on the combined British debating team which toured the Empire two years ago.

NOTICE

The next Monday afternoon Organ Recital will be given January 23.

NOTICE

There are vacancies in the University Choir for a few more singers. Any students who care for good music and who would like to join this organization are invited to come at 10:00 a.m. Sunday.

NOTICE

There is an opportunity for anyone to get valuable experience in news-writing under competent instruction. Get on The Gateway staff and look at events from the inside—see what makes the wheels go round. If this appeals to you meet the News Editor in The Gateway office at 4:30 p.m. sharp today (Thursday).

The following are specially requested to attend this meeting:

Lawrence Alexander, Bennett, Conibear, Ruth Rogers, Farrell, Desjose, George Stanley, Miss Bennett, Bill Hobbs, Paddy Bowman, Beresford, Gavin Begg, Sid Fisher.

LAW CLUB HEARS

HON. R. B. BENNETT

(Continued from Page One)

As his second condition in the attainment of success Mr. Bennett preached the religion of work. "If you are to succeed in law you must work—there is no other way. If you can give it the amount of work it needs you should surely succeed."

These two precepts were necessary prerequisites to his third condition for success. "To every man there comes an opportunity," he said. With an aptitude for the law and a determination and an ability to work, a man can grasp that opportunity when it offers itself.

Under these three heads the examples Mr. Bennett used were numerous and interesting. He did not content himself with reference to the lives of men in Canada alone, but drew examples constantly from the lives of men practicing in the Old Country.

With great sincerity Mr. Bennett then cautioned the law students against a fact that is detrimental in the attainment of success—drinking. "Gentlemen, you cannot drink booze and succeed in the law. I have seen men in our profession destroyed by alcohol. Your greatest pleasure will not be obtained in this pursuit, but rather in going into your profession and succeeding."

In closing Mr. Bennett reminded his hearers of the great duty and responsibility to society that circumstances had placed upon them. "Law is not the most important factor in the development of a great people, but it plays an integral part in it. You are the custodians of the law, the handmaids of justice, and unless you are willing to accept the responsibility placed upon you our civilization cannot progress as it ought."

He highly extolled the part the University plays in the promulgation of this responsibility. "The University Law School will be instrumental in bringing about a uniformity of legal thought so necessary to good justice."

With these words Mr. Bennett concluded the most successful law banquet since the inauguration of the Law School at the University. The high table at which the guests of the evening were seated was so tastefully decorated in green and gold with miniature figures of students at law in black as to attract favourable comment from many of those present. The banquet itself excelled the average as a result of the endeavours of Jean Paul Provencier, to whom, incidentally, much of the success of the evening must be attributed.

The merriment of the evening was added to by the musical selections of E. McGarvey, W. J. Hendra and J. Strachan, with Mr. Herbert Wild as accompanist.

Ronald Martland, Rhode Scholar-elect, opened the banquet to a gathering of thirty. Mr. Martland was the toastmaster of the evening.

C. A. Edwards proposed the toast to the province. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor replied to the toast. The keynote of his reply was the service university graduates could do for the advancement of the province. "It is your duty to stay in the province," he said. "We are relying on the youth to build up this country. Considering the glorious future of Alberta, the young men should have no difficulty in finding success at home."

E. L. Whittaker proposed the toast to the Bench which was replied to by the Hon. Chief Justice Harvey, who strengthened his statement concerning the importance of law in a community by a resume of its development from Aristotle to the present day.

The toast to the University was proposed by D. P. MacDonald. Dr. Tory in his reply expressed his appreciation at being present. "For," he said, "I always like to mingle with the young. The nature of my work has been such that all my life I have been connected with people of your age and I enjoy it." He then remarked on the important work the Canadian universities were doing in the development of Canada, and he particularly emphasized the research work of our own University. This was the outgrowth, he pointed out, of questions submitted to the staff of the University following its inception and which it was unable to answer. The toast to the Bar, which was proposed by D. M. Morrison, was replied to by H. H. Parlee in the wittiest speech of the evening.

The toast to the Law Faculty was proposed by S. G. MacDonald. Dean Weir replied.

W. R. Watson proposed the toast to the Law Graduates, which was answered by J. W. McClung in a speech which almost rivalled in brilliancy the witticisms of H. H. Parlee.

The Alumni Cavort

By R. V. C.

I might have been spared the effort of setting down my impressions of the Alumni dance held in the Palliser Hotel, Calgary, on December 29th, if I had taken the precaution, as I think one or two did, of rendering my impressions sufficiently nebulous as to be beyond the possibility of recapture on the morning after. Not having taken this precautionary measure, or should I say paction, it was useless for me to deny to the editor that I had any impressions, and so I was roped in on "five hundred words" on the subject.

The painfulness of the work lies in the physical effort of propelling a pencil, it must be stated, not in the mental effort of recalling those impressions which were sufficiently pleasant to be well worth remembering.

I suppose the chief pleasure of an Alumni dance is in the sight of "old familiar faces," or, in respect to the age of our University, "the young familiar faces," perhaps, would be a happier phrase.

There must have been many veterans, graduates of ten or more years ago, but so well do they appear to have maintained the "joie de vivre" derived from ancient Saturday night dances that they were scarcely distinguishable from the youthful graduates of last spring.

It is true there were moments when one had to stop to think, or inquire of a forgotten name, but when one discovered perhaps that this particular "familiar face" is the one whose nose you helped to powder by moonlight after the Arts hike of year '19, nothing can prevent you from enjoying the dance which follows.

The external appointments of the dance were excellently done. It was evident that a year's absence from Varsity had stolen none of the cunning from Art Willis' hand in the matter of decorations.

These consisted of gondolas in silhouette with a Venetian shore-line of buildings beyond. With a mellow light filtering through great orange-colored shades and an orchestra which played waltzes that seemed like the distilled essence of romantic Italy, not even the fact that outside the mercury stood at twenty below zero could persuade the hundred or more couples that they were not individually the original Romeo and Juliet. This at least applies to the more nebulous ones.

Supper, served in the main dining-room, was a very satisfying affair. On the strength of the biblical utterance that "unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," the dining-room at once became the abode of bliss. There were toy trumpets, miniature hats, squeakers, blowers and everything that makes a noise. This was the worst part of the performance for me, but as far as I could make out they were enjoyed most by the most nebulous. I should make a rule that in order to qualify for a toy trumpet an applicant should have to walk a crooked line as the shortest distance between two points. He would then be provided with a vehicle of expression suited to his condition.

More dancing followed, until at 3:30 a.m. the faithful survivors gathered in the centre of the ball-room and made the welkin ring with the Varsity yell. Then we went home and slept.

Altogether it was an excellent affair—the best of its kind that I can remember.

The Calgary Branch of the Alumni outdid themselves, and the executive is to be congratulated on the complete success of what appeared to them at first as a somewhat risky venture.

TEACHERS

A meeting will be held in Room 135 Arts tomorrow, Friday, at 4:30. All those who expect to teach upon conclusion of their University course, or who are interested in the profession, are invited to attend.

PHILOSOPH HEARS MATH ADDRESS

Mr. A. Cook Spoke on "Form and Its Significance" at Yesterday's Meeting

The fourth members' meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in the auditorium 142, Medical Building, Wednesday, following the serving of tea in the adjoining room. The assembly of a moderate size but fully representing the mathematical element in the university, listened to a lecture by Mr. A. Cook on "Form and Its Significance."

Touching briefly on the history of the topic Mr. Cook stated that mathematics as the subject is studied today, that is, with a demand for logical proofs, was originated by the ancient Greek, Pythagoras, and that his countrymen made a very considerable progress in the field, but were handicapped by not having the necessary language technique for unrestricted development. After the Greeks, he said, there was a steady decline in learning, and it was till the thirteenth century that mathematics again began to advance. Since then the requisite forms of speech have grown slowly, step by step. At the present day, according to the strong simile used by the lecturer, the mathematician is like a cobbler, to whom came the engineer, the physicist, the chemist, the psychologist and other scientific men for shoes to stand in.

At the base of modern mathematics, Mr. Cook continued, lie two simple processes: the first, counting; the second, measuring distance and direction. From these two processes grows a great body of theory and established facts, so that the modern science of mathematics may be compared with an old, well-established, but changing and growing city.

A glimpse into the difficulty with which the huge body of mathematical knowledge and form has been built up, was given by citing a simple problem which several eminent mathematicians of previous centuries passed by. The question was: What number must be added to 40 to make 30? The answer as finally established led to a new and wider conception of the word "number."

Another problem, illustrating the second simple process was given. Its general form was: To find something or other at its least, or greatest, value under certain conditions. A practical application of this was demonstrated in the problem of what shape of container a manufacturer should make to use the least amount of tin to hold a given quantity of material.

The generalizations, of which forms are such a large part, Mr. Cook proceeded to say, should, and in the great mathematicians do, grow out of the storehouse of knowledge in daily experience. So the two greatest names in the history of the subject, Archimedes and Newton, belonged to men whose source of information was in contact with nature and their surroundings. This, he stated, is of great importance to students, the more so as the kind of thinking used in later life is that developed by such study.

"The symbolic side of mathematics is one of great formal beauty," declared the lecturer. This statement was followed by the assertion that imagination is as necessary to the mathematician as to the poet. Logical finish in argument has hitherto been too much stressed at the expense of creative imagination in the grades.

To conclude, Mr. Cook emphasized the necessity for form all through life: signs and symbols in mathematics, customs and institutions in social affairs. As in other fields so particularly in mathematics; forms must look to the future as well as the past, for changes are "devised for increased responsibility more than for increased ease and enjoyment."

The close of the lecture was followed by twenty minutes of discussion, in which Dr. Lazerte, Mr. Riddehough, Dr. Sheldon and Mr. C. Fisher took part; after which the meeting was adjourned.

ELKS DEFEAT VARSITY FOR THIRD PLACE IN LEAGUE

(Continued from Page Four)

bored into Elk territory, but lost the puck after failing to pass at the blue line. G. Ferris was sent to the bench with a two-minute penalty for tripping. Score at the bell, one all.

Too Little Combination

Levell opened the shooting with a high one at Howie, following it up with a stinger, on a pass from Prittie, but Howie was unbeatable. Then Stan Ferris worked around the left defense, and beat MacDonald for an Elk counter. Varsity spoiled some good combination by wild shooting, and found the opposing defense hard to solve. Levell found himself with only Howie to beat, and the goalie made a miraculous save of a sure goal. S. Ferris retaliated by giving "D.P." a dirty shot, which he handled well. Powers lost the puck on another solo rush, but made up for his deficiency in passing by checking well. "D.P." rushed out to smother a threat by Ferris, and Power and Prittie broke up several fast rushes. Both sides changed forwards. Marker made "D.P." jump to save a hard drive, and immediately after this the Elks spoiled two golden chances to score when they had beaten the Green and Gold on a four-man rush. Burnett, however, picked up a loose puck and slammed it past MacDonald for the third goal. Kenney gave MacDonald a nice shot, and Levell replied with a hard drive at Howie. Joly's two easy shots were handled without trouble. Knight twice lost the puck, handling it poorly, and then Howie again made two saves of what should have been sure Varsity goals, falling to the ice to do so. Score at the end of this period: Elks 3, Varsity 1.

Both sides gave all they had in the final stanza, the Elks taking the offensive. Knight had only Howie to beat, but failed to find a hole. Levell then set out alone, stick-handled brilliantly through the defense, and scored the prettiest goal of the evening. Twice more the Elks nearly fell before Varsity rushes. As usual, the Green and Gold had shown their fighting spirit at the eleventh hour. Levell weakened for the first time, after having used himself mercilessly all through the game. He lost the puck on a lone try, and Esdale put the Elks definitely out of danger by beating "D.P." with a fast one just before the penalty time was up. The Elks took up a three-man defense for the rest of the game. Groves missed a nice shot after a pass from Cooper, scoring ten seconds later with a similar pass from Levell. Both teams made rushes without result, and then Varsity's hopes fell permanently when Groves missed the chance of a lifetime with an open net before him, missing his shot. Score at the bell: Elks 4, Varsity 3.

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